



Great Britain spends \$112,500,000 a year in the support of the poor. This does not include private charities.

The amount of gold coin in actual circulation in the world is estimated by the Bank of England officials to be about \$65 tons.

A new Russian law gives factory workers the right to choose delegates from among themselves to represent their interests before factory inspectors.

The latest indignities that microbes have been subjected to is firing them from a gun. This was done by Government officials and it was found that the bugs were not injured.

The electrometer is so acutely sensitive that it will detect in one minute an amount of matter which must accumulate for 2,000,000 years before there is enough of it to affect the most sensitive chemical balance.

Judge White of Salem was quite correct in telling the Essex Indians that no good ship Hesperus was ever wrecked "on the reef of Norman's Woe." Mr. Longfellow's touching story is but a bit of poetic license which all versemakers are permitted to employ in their work. Neither did Paul Revere ever reach Concord town, as Mr. Longfellow makes him do in that famous midnight ride. But, no matter; he should have reached it in order to have the story end nicely, and the poet's mission is to write things as they ought to be rather than as they are. And sometimes poets write for money, comments the Boston Herald.

The other day seven hundred trunks arrived on an ocean steamer, and every one was fastened with a metal clasp, a sort of open-and-snap arrangement. A few years ago the inventor of that clasp was hawking it around the country. Finally he obtained himself upon a hardware man in Chicago. "That may be a useful thing. Come back here this afternoon and we'll talk about it." The talk resulted in a sale outright for \$200. The firm introduced it to the trade in gross lots, and the profits to date are \$500,000.

A new form of espionage is being organized in Russia. It takes the form of an entirely new police, to serve entirely in the rural districts, and will be composed of fifty thousand men, distributed through the forty-six provinces. Prominent among the duties of the new force will be those of keeping the government, through the provincial authorities, well informed as to any symptoms of ferment in the rural population, with indications as to its cause and the strict surveillance of all strangers, and, still more, of suspected persons appearing in their districts.

The New York Outlook tells an amusing story illustrative of the vigilance of the Turkish censorship. There is a strict supervision over telegrams. A German engineer in the Lebanon placed an order with a Paris firm for some sort of stationary engine, to be shipped to him as soon as possible. The firm telegraphed to inquire how many revolutions a minute he wanted. He answered: "Five hundred revolutions a minute." The next day he was arrested. Brought into court, the judge asked him if he lived in the Lebanon. He replied that he did. "Do you correspond with such a firm in Paris?" "Yes," "Aht!" cried the judge; "I know you. You are the man who telegraphed to Paris that there are five hundred revolutions a minute in the Lebanon!"

Although the King of Spain is passionately fond of hunting, he refrains from shooting, even in his private grounds, during the closed season. He spends much of his time on horseback, and is known as an indefatigable rider. His first horse was a pony only a trifle over a yard high, which the city of Burgos gave him at the age of seven. As he grew, he chose larger horses, and his favorite animals now are two English horses presented to him by his mother last year, when he ascended the throne. Another of his favorites is a present from the Mayor of Buenos Ayres. The King is not a delicate youth, as he has been represented, but quite robust.

No commercial fact is more worthy of American attention than the wonderful expansion of India's trade and the opportunity American merchants have for getting a better share of it. In 1840 India imported goods to the value of only \$28,000,000. Her imports last year were valued at \$264,000,000. Her exports amount to \$403,000,000 a year; they were only \$51,000,000 in 1840. She now ranks sixth among exporting and tenth among importing nations. Of India's \$264,000,000 worth of imports 36 per cent. were cottons. Next in the list are iron and steel products, which form 12 per cent. of the total. Third in importance is mineral oil 5 per cent. of the total imports. Thus, of India's imports more than 50 per cent. are of a class that might be called indigenous to the United States, remarks the New York World, and the greater part—fully three-fourths—of the entire list is made up of a class of articles successfully produced by and exported from the United States; and yet our exports to India amount to less than 2 per cent. of the imports of that country.

Three-sevenths of the total colonial territory of the world, Egypt and the Sudan included, belongs to Great Britain.

TRIAL OF A SPELLBINDER.

Must Be Prepared for Interruptions and Ready to Make His Point.

"There is no man who needs to have such quick wit as the stump speaker," said a member of the District bar who dabbled in politics cut in Ohio a good deal before he came to Washington to take a government job, and eventually to practice law. "The lawyer may claim that he is the one who has the monopoly on presence of mind while he is speaking, but, for me, just give me one of those veteran politicians who spend two months every year or so trying to get votes. Sometimes it is a story and at other times an evasive answer that will quiet the crowd, but a man must always have his wits with him."

"I think I take more pride in one little reply I once made to an interruption than in anything I ever did in my whole life. I was sent one evening out to a precinct that was the stronghold of the enemy. The meeting was held in the schoolhouse, and the building was crowded, mainly with people opposed to us. In addition to the issues of the campaign a hot local fight was on, and charges of a grave and, I regret to say, accurate character had been filed against one of the candidates on our ticket. The charge had appeared in a little two-by-four sheet that was conducted in the interests of the opposition."

"I got up and started in on my speech. Of course I was interrupted, but I paid little attention to these pleasantries, for they all come in a spellbinder's life. Finally an intelligent-looking old farmer arose and respectfully begged to be allowed to ask a question. The request was so courteous that for a moment I was off my guard, and I said as pleasantly as possible: 'Certainly.'"

"How about those charges against Sheriff Smith?" he inquired with an air of triumph, as he excitedly waved a copy of the paper in which they were printed. I was struck speechless. Two things were against me. I was young and easily disturbed, and the charges were true, and I could not refute them. The old gentleman saw my plight, and pressed his advantage, repeating the question and shaking the paper in my face. It all came to me like a flash. "Great Lord!" I exclaimed, in a voice of thunder. "Do you mean to say that you, a reputable man, read that paper?"

"That was enough. The sheet was disreputable, and the old man hung his head sheepishly for a second, and the crowd, seeing his embarrassment, hooted him until he sat down. "I finished my speech in triumph, and think I made some votes that night, but I did not breathe easily until I was in the carriage and started for home."

BORROW A SEAMAN'S GARB.

Mendicants Who Overrun England Dressed in Sailors' Raiment.

In England there is a class of mendicants who are known to the thieves generally as "turnpike sailors." The term is used to denote a beggar masquerading in mariner's garb. Among the Wessex peasants, whose vocabulary, if limited, is singularly effective, it bears a ruder meaning. Thus they designate a particular class of "travelling folk" who roam the country from place to place as a sailor roams the sea. The name might well be applied to the whole nomad tribe—tinkers, hawkers, gipsies, itinerant showmen and the like—but for some reason or other it is confined to the tramp proper, the seedy, out-at-elbows individual who is to be seen slouching along the high road or begging from door to door in the villages.

Sometimes he is alone. More often a friend of his own degree keeps him company. Occasionally a depressed-looking wife and ragged children straggle at his heels. He talks not, neither does he spin. He "pay no rent," as an aggrieved householder remarked to the present writer, and he seldom puts into port for longer than a night at a time unless compelled by circumstances beyond his control, when he is lodged in a spacious mansion, is boarded gratis and is provided with the "job" which he professes to be always anxiously seeking and seldom manages to find. As a rule, he sleeps "rough"—in the open, that is—or in any convenient shed, except when the state of his finances permits him the luxury of the tramps' lodging house, which, on the evidence of a country policeman, is "the noisiest, drunkenest"—he had almost said "the jolliest"—place in the town.

Left as Willing Slaves.

Although slavery in the United States has long been abolished, there are still some reminders of the institution in the south. It is doubtful if the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln altogether abolished the idea in the minds of some good old southern families. This was clearly demonstrated by the will of an aged woman who died recently in southern Maryland. Before the war there had been many slaves in the family, and at the time of her death three old black mamies still remained of the once large number. Her goodness to her old servants was repaid by a lifetime of devotion. They swore never to leave her, and she in turn kept faith with them.

During her last illness she made a will dividing all her goods and chattels equally between three daughters. Each of her children got a barrel of pork, a cow, ten bushels of wheat and a third of the corn meal and poultry on the old homestead. Then came this paragraph, eliminating, of course, the names of the daughters: "To my daughter— I leave Aunt Mimi; to my daughter— I leave Aunt Jennie; to my daughter— I leave Aunt Sallie. I ask each of my daughters to take care of the old servant bequeathed to her until the death of said servant."

Each of these old mamies considers that she is as much the property of the daughter to whom she was "bequeathed" as if this last will and testament had been made in ante-bellum days, and no amount of "freedom talk" would induce them to assert their independence, so strong is their affection for the family.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The finest livery stables in Chicago are those of the Erie Livery, 190 to 201 Erie street, and 108 to 170 Ontario street. The proprietor, Mr. William A. Hinkins, is one of the best known and best liked horsemen in the country.

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NOT SO MUCH DIFFERENCE.

Mistake in the Marriage License, but Sam Made It Do.

Prudence Baxter, in Lippincott's, relates that one morning Judge C. of N. county, Virginia, was starting for the town he was approached by one of his negroes, who, with more or less confusion, asked: "Massa, when you goes to do court-house will you git me a license? I gwine to be maried." "Married, are you, Sam? All right," called the judge, as he hastily drove off. Arrived at the courthouse, he spent a very busy day, and it was not until he was preparing to leave that he remembered Sam's license, and realized that he had not been told the name of the bride-elect.

"The old idiot, he never told me who he wants to marry, but, of course, it's Lucinda; he's always making eyes at her." So saying he returned to the courthouse and had the license made out in the names of Sam and Lucinda. Sam was the first to greet him upon his return with the inquiry: "Git my license, Massa?" "Yes, Sam, you old fool, you didn't tell me who you want to marry, but I remembered how you're always hanging around courting Lucinda, and got the license in her name."

"Lawd, Massa!" exclaimed Sam, "talut Lucindy, it's Kyarline. What's I gwine ter do, Massa?" "Well," said the judge, "the only thing will be for me to get another license to-morrow." "Massa," said Sam, "did you pay anything fur dem license?" "Yes, Sam, a dollar and seventy-five cents." "Will another license cost anything?" asked Sam. "Yes, Sam, a dollar and seventy-five cents more," replied the judge. After scratching his woolly pate for a few minutes Sam replied: "Well, Massa, done axed Kyarline, an' she sed 'Yase,' but fo' de Lawd, dere ain't no dollar an' seventy-five cents difference in dem two niggers, so I'll jus' take Lucindy."

STORY OF HYPNOTISM.

Policeman Who Was Overcome by Motions of Professor.

An amusing episode, in which the chief figure was a hypnotized policeman, is reported from Bloemfontein. A professor of hypnotism had taken a vacant shop in which to give ocular demonstration of his mysterious art, and his stock in trade included a bed, upon which he posed a man who was represented to be in a trance. The crowd that assembled on the opening day to view the recumbent figure included a member of the South African constabulary. This person went with a skeptical mind, and seeing the figure move he at once denounced the whole business as a fraud. The professor, not a bit disconcerted, engaged him in conversation, and the skeptic was soon keenly interested in the wonderful tales the man of science was relating.

Suddenly the policeman fell into the arms of the professor and went through some very strange antics, one of which was to arrest the professor as a dangerous criminal. When it dawned upon the crowd that the man of law was really hypnotized the joke was greatly relished. After putting his victim through a few more "tricks" for the enjoyment of the other visitors the professor restored him to his senses as quickly as he had hypnotized him. When he realized what had happened the policeman, looking white and frightened, made a hasty exit and has not been seen near the shop since. —London Globe.

Didn't Mind It Much.

"A merry-go-round man at La Crosse, Kansas, got his leg caught in the cable of his machine," says the Dodge City Republican. "The crowd about could hear the leg crack as it was broken in several places. The machine was clogged and brought to a standstill and several women fainted. The unfortunate man smiled wearily, wiggled around, and unstrapped a wooden

leg, and announced cheerfully, 'Get your tickets for the next ride.'"—Kansas City Journal.

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